

## Where's Dream?

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## Where's Dream?

by [isntitcrazy](#)

### Summary

George rolled his eyes. “Now how do you expect to do this?”

Dream pulled George’s chair back carefully. “Like this.” And the blond settled under George’s desk, pulling his face up between his legs. “See? It’s like I’m not even here.”

Dream really wants to suck George off, and he isn't gonna let some silly livestream stop him.

### Notes

obligatory blowjob during stream fic is obligatory

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# Where's Dream?

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George had barely been streaming for an hour when he got a ping on Discord.

He tended to ignore messages while streaming. He did the same for this one, keeping his attention focused on chat and the speedrun he was currently in the middle of, noting to himself that he'd check that message later.

Then he got another ping. And another.

“Sorry,” he said quickly, his apology directed at the camera.

George muted the Discord tab without opening it. He even had all the servers muted themselves, which meant either someone was tagging him, or they were all DMs . George didn't feel bad for ignoring them. If it were really that important, they'd text him on his phone.

Speak of the devil, his phone buzzed on his desk.

Without diverting his attention too obviously, George slid his phone closer to himself. He continued to fight blaze in-game, mostly just holding up his shield to block an onslaught. With his peripheral vision, George was able to read the message on his lock screen.

*Dream <3: george*

Texts kept rolling in on top of that one, making a rather excessive stack of seemingly pointless messages.

*Dream <3: george plz*

*Dream <3: wanna suck ur dick*

Oh. *Oh*. That managed to distract George enough to lower his shield and fucking die.

“Damn,” he said under his breath, shifting in his seat. “Run's dead. I'm gonna go refill my water, I'll be back in a minute.”

So he muted and turned his camera off, grabbing his phone with shaking hands.

*George: you interrupted my stream for this*

*Dream <3: please?*

*George: dream i'm live*

*Dream <3: chat always thinks im sucking ur dick anyways*

*Dream <3: lol wheres dream*

*George: ugh fine*

*Dream <3: dont act so displeased*

*Dream <3: im literally giving you a bj*

Dream showed up at the door seconds after George set his phone down. He sent the blond a disapproving look over his shoulder, though it was all crushed by the clear red tint to his face.

Dream snickered and sauntered over, flicking George playfully on the cheek. "Might wanna get rid of that before you turn your camera back on."

"Oh, shut up." George rolled his eyes. "Now how do you expect to do this?"

Dream pulled George's chair back carefully. "Like this." And the blond settled under George's desk, pulling his face up between his legs. "See? It's like I'm not even here."

"Yeah, whatever. Just don't blow my cover."

Dream smirked. "Oh, I'll blow your fucking cover."

"That doesn't even make sense!" Dream laughed in response, settling hands on George's thighs. The brunet tried not to shiver. "I'm turning everything back on, so no talking."

Dream pretended to zip his lips shut, even shooting George a wink for good measure. George scoffed and turned his mic back on.

"Hello? Hello?" It was half a mic test and half a joke.

When the chat got quicker with responding 'hi' s 'hello' s and 'george!' s, he turned his cam on too. He made an overdramatic shocked face at the camera, trying his very best to ignore the fact that Dream was pulling his dick out under the table.

"I'm back!" George smiled. "Let's try another run, yeah? Hopefully I won't die like an idiot this time."

Seeing how Dream had started jerking his cock, he knew he'd probably die like an idiot again.

Nonetheless, George made a new world on Easy mode with a random seed, waiting patiently as it loaded in. He thanked subs and donos while he waited, hoping to god it wasn't obvious that there was something weird going on.

It took all of George's willpower to keep from looking down. He knew damn well that Dream looked pretty sucking his cock, but he forced himself to replay memories of it when the blond in question finally took him in his mouth. His mouth was so warm, so nice, and George had to bite down on his lip to keep from making a sound.

He could feel Dream's eyes on him as he slid down on his cock, could feel the hot gaze that he was so mad he only got to *imagine*. Dream looking up through thick lashes, eyes half-shut and fluttering, *hot* in the very sense of it all.

George was getting distracted. Dream could surely tell, which is why he pulled off and moved to press light kisses at the base of George's cock. He bit his lip again, running around the newly-generated Minecraft world without direction.

"This seed sucks," he managed, stifling a pathetic noise. "Let us... try again."

George wanted to tell Dream to go back to what he was doing before, but that almost seemed like a *worse* idea. He took the opportunity in loading times to reach a hand down and grab Dream's hair

roughly, as if to signal something.

What exactly he was signaling, George wasn't sure. But Dream took it as means to suck his dick harder, to put him back in his mouth and start swirling his tongue around in an attempt to drive George half out of his mind.

He inhaled sharply, intent in keeping it at that level. He bit the inside of his cheek while trying to thank more donos, and stifling moans as Dream took him down forced every sentence to come out in fragments.

George dared to look at the chat, finding messages asking if he was alright.

"I'm fine," George insisted, though every word sounded strangled. He tried desperately to think of an excuse. "It's... really cold. In my room."

He heard Dream laugh through his nose under the table. George hit his desk with a closed fist to cover the noise, returning to thanking donations. Dream apparently *did* have the ability to exercise self-control, because he calmed down after that. Slowed his roll from a proper blowjob to something more like cockwarming, settling his head between George's legs and keeping the movements of his tongue small.

It let George focus better on his gameplay, which was good, because the newly generated seed was actually a good one. He kept thanking people while he played, answering arbitrary questions that rolled through chat while Dream sat under his desk with his cock in his mouth.

But chat didn't know that. Didn't know how much Dream enjoyed the weight on his tongue, or the way it kept his mouth strained open wide until his jaw started to hurt. He only closed his eyes, resting his head on George's thigh, basking in the nice feeling of it all.

It was almost exciting. Doing something so naughty so close to public. If George made the wrong move, or panned his camera down, it was practically over. If Dream picked up the pace again and got George to make noises, it *was* all over.

So many ways to fuck everything up. It was hot. Hot and exhilarating.

It was right when Dream started picking up again that chat started going crazy. He was bobbing his head again, though he was slow and lax in his movements, barely taking any of George in his mouth at all.

And the chat was running nearly too fast for George to read. But he caught it, if only just barely.

"Wait, Dream's in chat?"

He wanted to look down so bad, to send an accusatory glance toward Dream who, even if he *was* in chat, was also between his legs.

A donation rolled through. The text-to-speech voice read it out through George's speakers.

*Warm up yet?*

It was from Dream. The \$20 tip and that message were from Dream.

Chat was going mental.

"Y-Yes, thank you, Dream."

George let his eyes flick downward, driven by insatiable curiosity. Dream was looking up at him with a cocky edge in his eyes, everything but smirking—though he probably couldn't smirk very well, given the circumstances—and he had his phone in his hand, open to George's stream, where George could see himself staring down at the floor with a two-second latency.

He snapped his head back up. "Sorry."

He tried to carry on with the stream, carry on with his run, but it was fucking hard. Chat was being joke-accusatory as always, blaming George's stuttered breaths and pathetic squirming on Dream.

Some of them were on the train of him being below the desk, which was true, but as far as chat knew, Dream and George were still an ocean apart. George silently thanked himself for not making Dream's visit public, otherwise this would've been impossible.

The better part of the chat just blamed Dream's presence for George's obvious embarrassment. He was flustered because Dream was watching, and he knew Dream was watching. That's why his mouth never closed and his breathing was heavy enough for the mic to pick up.

It had nothing to do with any particular blond between his legs, laving his tongue over George's cock while he tightened his lips around it and fucking *moaned*, all of it combined enough stimulation to make George's eyes roll back into his head.

That was *so* getting clipped.

He was lucky he could stifle the sound in his throat before it slipped out, otherwise that would've been spread in ways other than thirst trap edits.

No matter how good Dream's mouth was, George was starting to miss the cockwarming. His gameplay was getting worse, and there was no hope of him getting to the Nether like this, nevermind the End.

But that was the perfect excuse, wasn't it?

"Sorry guys." George swallowed another noise. "I'm not playing too well tonight, so I'm gonna go. I'll see you all—" Dream's throat got impossible tighter, and it made George stutter. "—next time! Bye!"

He waved excessively at the camera for a moment before ending the stream as quickly as he could. Once he was sure he was no longer live, he grabbed Dream's head and pulled him off.

"Dream!"

Dream only gave him a lopsided grin, his lips shining with spit in such a lewd way it made George's stomach twist. "What?"

"You're a fucking menace."

Dream chuckled. "You were ending it."

"Even *before* that! I—" George groaned in annoyance.

"Aw," Dream mocked. "Are you mad?"

George rolled his eyes. "Shut up and put that pretty mouth to good use."

Dream didn't need any more convincing. He was quick to get George back in his mouth, quick to

take him all the way down again. He batted his eyelashes up at George, as if to ask *is this what you wanted?*

“Fuck, so pretty like this,” George praised softly, grateful he finally got to make noise. “Eager slut, couldn’t wait for my stream to finish.”

Dream moaned as if in agreement, eyes fluttering shut as George laced fingers through his hair. He tugged on it, prompting Dream to pick up movements again, moving faster and with less restraint than before.

He took all of George’s length with every motion, digging nails into George’s thighs through his pants. When he opened his eyes, his gaze was always caught in George’s, holding eye contact so strong it made George squirm in his chair.

“So good,” he praised. “So good, Dream, fuck.”

He started raising his hips up to meet Dream’s mouth, feeling the tightness in his thighs. It curled his toes against the carpet, threw his head back as he moaned without restraint.

Dream keened against him, the clear enjoyment making him suck harder.

“‘M gonna cum,” George slurred, breaths stuttering hopelessly. “Fuck, fuck, Dream, ‘m so close.”

He rolled his head back down to look at him, watching as Dream slid his mouth off and lolled his tongue out, hand exceptionally fast on George’s cock.

He was coming in seconds, twisted against his chair and painting Dream’s face white. Dream kept his hand moving until George was moaning pitifully, slumped in his chair with hands on his thighs.

Fuck, Dream was hot with his face like this.

“You’re such a slut,” George whined. “And impatient. I should’ve said no.”

Dream rolled his eyes, licking his lips dramatically. He was slutty with every swipe of his tongue, sliding what he couldn’t reach onto his fingers and sucking on them with an implicative look in his eyes.

It was hot enough to make George whine.

“You seemed to enjoy yourself.” Dream smirked. “You would’ve been crazy to say no.”

George shook his head. “Next time, I’ll suck *you* off during a stream. Then you’ll see how fucking hard it is.”

Dream laughed. “Not hard, it’s just hot.”

“You don’t even use facecam, it’s not fair!”

“Then you just can’t go easy on me.”

George groaned, everything but kicking Dream in the head. He certainly wanted to, but that was a little mean to do to the guy who had just sucked the life out of his dick.

“I’ll seriously suck you off next time you stream.”

Dream grinned. “Can’t wait.”

## Chapter End Notes

lol maybe i'll write a part 2 aka the other way around as the end dialogue promises  
you can hold me to that ig

# Where's George?

## Chapter Summary

George meant it when he said he'd do the same to Dream.

## Chapter Notes

Part 2! As promised :]

The title isn't as good as the last one because I played off the "where's dream" joke lol but I wanted to keep them consistent

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream hadn't planned on streaming at all whilst he was in England.

And he was only a little ashamed that it took a blowjob to alter his plans. The rest of him was too caught up in how hot it was to care.

He had been streaming for ten minutes when George came in. He had barely started much of anything, having spent the first five minutes killing time while waiting for people to show up. But the stream was casual anyways, more akin to Just Chatting with some untimed speedruns in the background.

George had been kind enough to lend Dream his setup. It was only slightly odd to use, as Dream had grown accustomed to his setup at home. But, clearly, without George's PC, there wouldn't be any stream at all. (And no stream meant no blowjob, so Dream really had no room to complain).

It took another five minutes for George to get under the table, eyes caught on Dream's while he slid forward between his legs. Dream had an advantage—he didn't use a facecam. He could look down at George as much as he wanted, make as many lewd faces as he wanted and nobody would know the difference. The only thing he *had* to keep in check were his sounds, but that seemed easy.

Dream muted his mic for a second, glancing down at George where he knelt on the floor.

"Ready?" he said with a smirk.

George rolled his eyes. "Duh."

Dream hovered a finger over the mute button. "Better not go easy on me."

"Famous last words, Dreamie."

Dream scoffed, unmuting his mic. He made up some bullshit about Patches bugging him (though she was halfway across the world) and carried on, running around the overworld in search of a lava pool.



George got busy immediately. He smoothed his hands over Dream's thighs, pressing the side of his face against his crotch. In the midst of aimless wandering, Dream let himself look back down at George, who met his gaze with lidded eyes.

Dream took a shaky breath as George pulled his cock out. He kept glancing between his monitor and George, hoping he wasn't so distracted he'd miss an obvious lava pool. And he tried to read donations, as that was practically the point of the stream, but his words were already faltering with his divided attention.

George was only using his tongue. Flicking it over the slit, swirling it around the head, giving Dream's cock wet little kitten licks and leaving much to be desired. George raised his eyebrows and pointed a finger upwards, other hand slow-jerking Dream. It was a silent signal to *pay attention to the stream*, and Dream would be stupid not to take it.

"Sorry if I seem distracted," Dream said with a polite laugh, biting his lip as George wrapped his lips around him. "I usually don't have Patches in my room when I stream."

George was picking up tongue movements again, only this time the head of Dream's cock was sitting comfortably in his mouth. He started moving his hand faster, dipping his lips down slightly to meet his fingers on the upstroke. He savored the heaving breaths Dream took, his lips leaned away from the mic so none of it got picked up.

Dream hadn't expected it to already be this difficult. He had a newfound respect for George and his facecam, as all he had to do was face away from the mic and swallow all his noises. George had to risk being *seen*, and even if every stream had a clip or two that would circle with jokes, it still seemed immensely difficult.

God, they had barely even started and Dream was already halfway to being a mess. Why did George have to be so *good*?

He had started taking Dream down all the way, both hands rubbing appreciatively at his thighs while he moved his head. He ran his tongue along the underside of Dream's cock, tightening his lips and throat like a vice around him.

Dream sputtered over a '*thank you*' and looked back down at George, eyes wild and challenging. George only raised an eyebrow, scraping his bottom teeth against Dream lightly—something he *knew* would unravel the blond.

And unravel it did. Dream slammed two fists on the desk, biting down on his lip so hard he feared he might draw blood.

"Sorry," he forced out, the syllable strangled and caught in his chest. "Patches bit me."

Thank god Dream had a cat, right?

The chat was flooded with messages about hoping the bite wasn't too bad and that Dream was okay. George ran his teeth against Dream again, but the blond was half-expecting it this time, already sucking on the inside of his cheek and bouncing his leg in an attempt to calm himself.

Dream cleared his throat and spit out an excuse. "I'm gonna go get a band-aid, be back in a second."

He muted his mic, grabbing George by the hair and wrangling him off his cock. George blinked up at him, mouth fallen open and drool sliding down his chin, his face red and lips swollen. He was all hot and fucked-out, and it was nearly a pretty enough sight to make Dream forget why he had

muted in the first place.

Then he remembered.

“You can’t use your teeth.” The words were practically growled, sending a shiver up George’s spine.

But the brat in him made him smirk, run his tongue along the underside of his teeth. “You said not to hold back.”

Dream grumbled in annoyance, shoving George’s head back into his crotch. “Whatever. Just suck.”

George didn’t need to be told twice. Dream gave it another second, watching George take him down again, batting his eyelashes while his eyes teared up, Dream’s hand still caught in his hair, holding him down. He didn’t let go until the brunet gagged, eyes screwing shut on instinct.

Then he unmuted. Swallowed a sound as George pulled off him, coughed quietly into his arm and cleared his throat before going down again.

Dream assured his stream that he was fine, that Patches had bitten him before and it wasn’t that big of a deal. He was once again expecting the harsh scrape of George’s teeth against him, but it didn’t keep his hand from grabbing the brunet’s hair again.

“Let’s start a new seed,” Dream said casually, attempting to ignore the wet tongue on his cock. “No luck on this one.”

Dream pushed his chair forward so he shoved himself farther down George’s throat, earning a strangled gag in return. Dream made sure he was talking loud enough to cover it, thanking another dono that had just rolled through. George turned nails to his thighs as Dream refused to let up, pressing his foot against the wall and pulling George down harder against him.

As much as George liked when Dream took control, this was *not* the agreement. It was a lot easier for Dream to stay composed on stream when he knew what was coming, which took half the fun out of the whole thing.

So George gave Dream an annoyed glance, gagging lightly again. Dream looked down at him, gave him a cocky smirk and let go, watching with interest as George pulled his lips off his cock, eyes caught on the string of saliva still connecting the two.

Dream smirked. George frowned.

The only thing that did was make him suck harder, rolling his tongue and getting as sloppy as possible in his ministrations—but in the good, hot way that Dream liked. He hummed against him with intent, got his hand wet with spit while he jerked him off, fluttered his eyelids and made sure Dream was watching when the tears started falling down his face.

Dream inhaled sharply, tapping his nails against the desk while he played. His voice while he rattled off thank yous and answered questions was growing increasingly more strangled, every word losing another fraction of confidence.

He was falling apart where he sat.

Right when it became obvious Dream was getting close—legs shaking, lip bitten hard enough to bleed, squirming in his seat—George stopped. He pulled off with a ‘pop’ of his lips, looked up at Dream when he returned the gaze, wild-eyed and distraught. He mouthed a desperate “*please*”

down at George, who only shook his head.

George took a page out of Dream's book, sliding gently back down on Dream's cock until he took it down to the hilt. Then he stayed there, closed his eyes and rested his head on Dream's thigh, cheeks taut with dry tears.

Dream was going to vibrate out of his body.

He was so close, *so close*, and George would barely have to move his mouth to get him to finish. But no, the bastard had decided to *cockwarm* him. And while it did provide him an opportunity to play the game with greater attention, that's not what he wanted. He wanted to come down George's throat, he wanted to fuck his face until he sobbed, he wanted to paint his pretty lips white—he did not want to build a quick Nether portal.

But George was very intent on staying where he was. He wasn't even moving his tongue, the only stimulation provided to Dream's over-eager cock being the warmth of his mouth.

So even though his attention was heightened in theory, he was still having trouble. He was just so *desperate*. It practically hurt to sit there, caught up with his bouncing leg and bleeding lip, the taste of iron in his mouth growing tired.

He even rolled his hips gently, grinding down into George's mouth, but the brunet was practically playing dead. He lay limp and unmoving, surely building some kind of cramp in his neck being crammed under the desk and all, and Dream was just forced to take it.

Dream watched the clock. They sat like that for fifteen minutes. *Fifteen minutes*. He almost wondered if George had fallen asleep until he was moving again.

"Thank you Emily, I lo—" he practically choked when George dragged his lips up, slow and tight as he moved. "I love you too!"

Of course he decided to pick himself up when Dream was in the middle of a sentence.

Somehow, he was going harder than before. Somehow, his lips were tighter. Somehow, it all felt *way* better than it had until that moment.

Maybe it was all built up by the time in between then and now, but Dream swore George had spent those fifteen minutes thinking of exactly how he could rip Dream apart with his mouth.

(Dream was right, George had been doing exactly that).

And Dream had nearly forgotten about the teeth until George turned them to his cock again. Slow and deliberate in the drag of them, locking eyes with Dream through every inch of it, watching as the blond had to bite down on the back of his hand to stifle the noise he made.

Dream grabbed George's head again, slamming him down and holding him there.

"I think I'm gonna end the stream," he said quickly, making up another lie about Patches so he could just turn the whole thing off.

He ended the stream and shut the whole PC down, kicking against the wall to roll the chair out away from the desk. He didn't let go of George's hair, though, pulling the poor boy out with him, his knees dragged against the carpet harsh enough to leave rugburn.

"You fucking *slut*," Dream spat. "God, *you're* the fucking menace. Were you *trying* to get us

caught?”

George gagged, practically sobbing on Dream’s cock. He sputtered against him, attempted to shake his head, batting his tear-clumped eyelashes in an attempt to look innocent. Dream didn’t take that as an answer, grabbing George with two hands and dragging him up and off his cock.

“Answer me.”

George sputtered, gasping for breath. “N-No.”

“No what?”

“I wasn’t—” Dream pulled his hair roughly, dragging a moan past his lips. “I wasn’t trying to get us caught.”

Dream scoffed. “Yeah right. Just get back to it.”

He dropped George suddenly, letting him fall against his cock. George was quick and panicked as he tried to get Dream back in his mouth, sucking him down with increased fervor and light drags of his teeth—the way he knew Dream liked it.

And Dream *finally* didn’t have to stifle his moans anymore, so he was harsh and unforgiving with the noises. George closed his teary eyes and basked in it, basked in the gentle caresses of Dream’s hand in his hair—striking in comparison to the rough pulling from before—basked in the hot noises the blond made above him.

When he opened his eyes and looked up at Dream, his head was thrown back and his back was arched, hips stuttering as he shook in his seat.

“Fuck, fuck, I’m close,” he whined, head falling lazily to look down at George again. “So pretty, Georgie. So good for me.”

George closed his eyes again, tightening his throat enough to get Dream to finish. He moaned out George’s name as he came, spilling recklessly into his waiting throat. George didn’t stop moving until Dream’s thighs were shaking and he was pulling him up, wiping the spit off George’s lips with his thumb.

“Fuck,” Dream cursed. “That was... hot.”

“Did I go too far?” George asked quietly, voice scratched and rough from the abuse.

Dream laughed. “No. No way. If anything, I’m worried *I* went too far.”

George smiled reassuringly, leaning his cheek against Dream’s palm. “You’re good.”

## Chapter End Notes

shoutout if your name's emily lol

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